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Portrait of Princess of Wales

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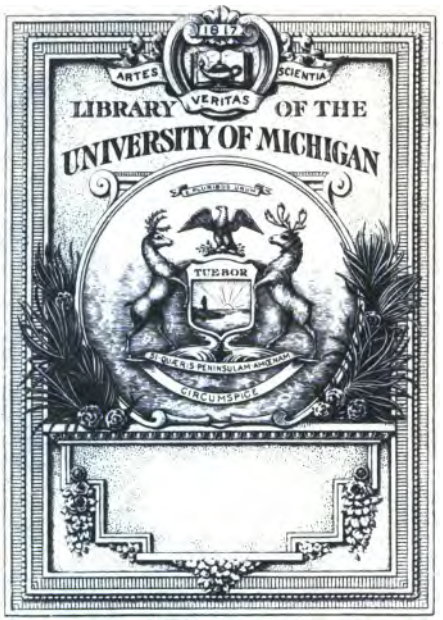

THE GIFT OF
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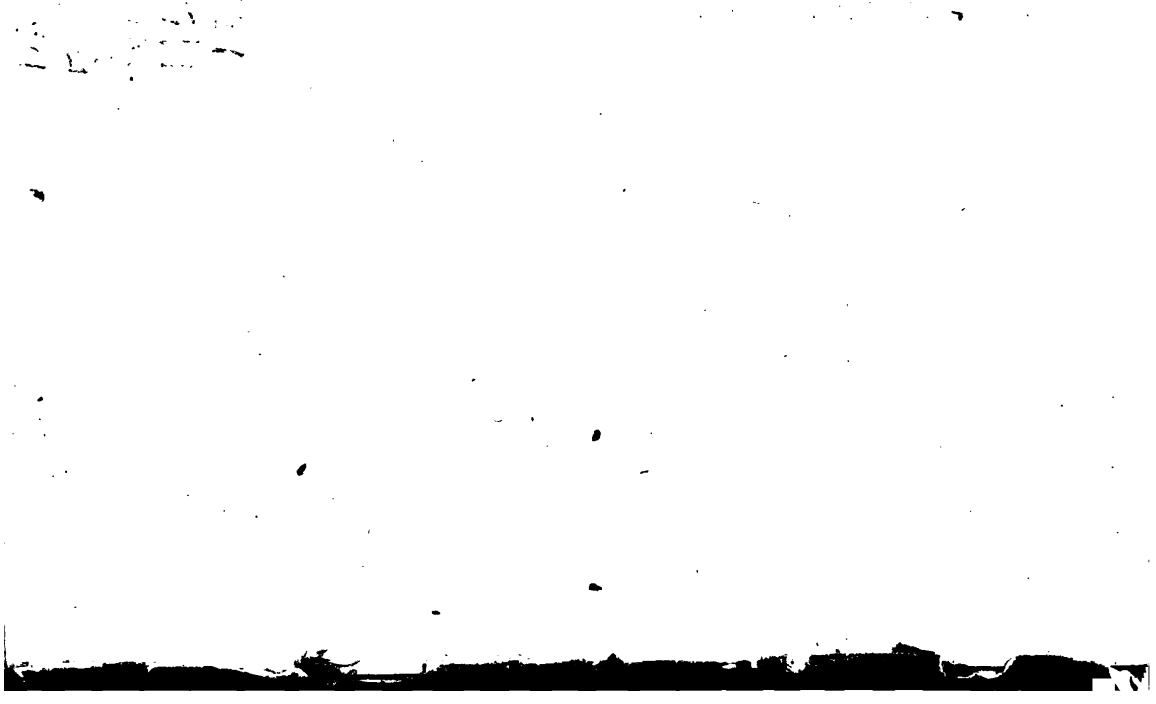

Her Royal Highness

CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF WALES.

Born Jan.ʳ 7.ᵗʰ 1796 Marᵈ May 2.ᵈ 1816 Died Nov.ʳ 6.ᵗʰ 1817.

UNIV. OF MICH.

MEMOIRS

of the late

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA,

OF

Wales and Saxe Cobourg;

IN WHICH ARE INTRODUCED

SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at the heart, and turns the past to pain.
GOLDSMITH.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT DESILVER, 110, WALNUT-STREET.
Thomas Town, Printer.
1818.

Prof. Louis C. Karpinski
gt
5-9-1925

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE death of the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, considered even as an historical occurrence, is one of the most interesting events of the times in which we live. Her exalted rank; her amiable character; her public spirit; her domestic virtues;..... the hopes which her character had inspired, and the fair prospect there was of seeing these hopes accomplished;....the blessings which Great Britain might have enjoyed had her life been prolonged, and the evils which may eventually be the consequence of her death.....all concur to give an unusual interest to that affecting event, and to lead persons of every rank and of every age to regard it as a national calamity.

The youth of the Princess renders her death peculiarly interesting to THE YOUNG; and we think it of much importance that their attention should be directed to it.

It is not, however, on the general grounds alluded to, that we would hold up the mournful event to the consideration of the YOUNG. We

the uncertainty of human happiness and the vanity of human expectations, the utter dependence of the highest, as well as the lowest of mankind, on that Omnipotent Being who saith, and it cometh to pass; from whose irreversible and inscrutable decrees proceed alike evil and good. While our tears yet flow fresh o'er this distressing bereavement, and when the tumult of affliction with which it at first overwhelmed us is beginning to subside into a calmer grief, the mind fondly reverts to the contemplation of that excellence, around which so recently hovered our fairest national hopes, and dwells with hallowed interest on every particular which can be collected of the history of our beloved Princess. It is under the impression of these feelings that we have undertaken the following narrative; and though we have to regret the scantiness of our materials, the virtues which adorned this cherished Daughter of England, will, we trust, be, even in our imperfect detail, alike interesting and edifying to our young readers, for whom these pages are particularly intended.

The illustrious Princess, whose death the inhabitants of these wide dominions have so sincerely united in deploring, was born at Carleton-house, on the 7th of January, 1796. Her first years were spent with her mother, who found in this pleasing charge a compensation for the want of other domestic endearments; and whose maternal care was repaid by the warm affection of this delightful child. When she had reached the age, at which her education became the most important concern, she was placed under the immediate superintendence of Lady de Clifford. The Bishop of Exeter was nominated to direct her studies, aided by a sub-preceptor, who was also chosen from the English Clergy. The extent and rapidity of her attainments afforded the best testimony to the skill and assiduity of her instructors; while her own aptitude and docility cheered and animated them in the important task of qualifying their royal pupil for filling, with credit to herself and advantage to her people, the throne of the most enlightened empire in the world. Her constitution appears to have been vigorous;

yet we are almost tempted to regret, that in the zeal of her preceptors for her mental improvement, they overlooked the no less important concern of her health. Study, almost unremitted, from six in the morning till a late hour in the evening, was certainly too severe for so tender an age, and could only have been sustained by a propensity for learning, on her part, approaching to enthusiasm, and kept alive by a judicious variation of her studies, and by a well-timed suggestion of the strongest motives, by which she could be stimulated to application.

Her acquirements were such as might be expected from fine natural genius so assiduously cultivated. With the best productions of ancient Greece and Rome she was thoroughly conversant; she spoke, with considerable fluency, the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. She was well informed in the history and policy of the European governments, and had studied, with particular attention, the constitution of her own country. As a relaxation from

these severe studies, she applied to the lighter accomplishments, which are too generally regarded as the only necessary branches of female education. For these, nature had endowed her with peculiar taste; and though she regarded them only as amusements, she possessed an union of ornamental qualities almost unequalled. She sang, and performed on the piano, the harp, and the guitar, with exquisite skill. She had a fine perception of the picturesque in nature; a portion of her earliest hours, and, subsequently, of those happy ones which she spent in the society of her husband, were given up to drawing.

"Those," says an anonymous writer, to whom we are indebted for this detail of her accomplishments, "were fine and singular acquisitions; in any place of society they would have made an admirable woman. And it may be a lesson from her grave to the youth of rank, who turn away from exertion through fear of its difficulty, or through the pride that looks upon their station as exempt from the necessity of knowledge, that this assemblage of delightful intellectual enjoy-

ment and preparation for the deeper duties of life, was acquired by one who died at twenty-two, and was heir to the first throne in the world."

These acquisitions, important as they were, derived their chief value from the virtues with which they were united, and without which, indeed, they could never have been attained.....Ardent in all her feelings, she enjoyed the good fortune, so rare among princes, of being intrusted to the tuition of persons, whose judgment and fidelity checked this ardour, where its excess would have been pernicious; and, by associating it with the best principles of religion and humanity, improved it into the most valuable quality which a sovereign can possess....a firm and dignified decision in whatever the heart and understanding approves. Of this advantage she was herself aware; and an anecdote, which we know to be authentic, beautifully illustrates the sense which she entertained of her obligation to those who took an interest in her improvement. Lady C**** E**** when on a visit to her sister, Lady Elgin,

took particular delight in imbuing the tender and susceptible mind of the young Princess with sentiments of piety and virtue. She had been observed, by her Royal Highness, to read a portion of Scripture every morning, and to mark the most striking passages. The Princess, anxious to give some testimony of her esteem for Lady *****'s character, and of her gratitude for her attention, one day presented her with a gold pencil-case. According to the established etiquette in receiving a mark of royal favour, her ladyship was kneeling to accept it, when the princess threw her arms around her neck, and requested her to rise, with tears in her eyes. "What," said she, "shall the venerable Lady E***** kneel before a child? No, that I can never permit. It is I who ought to kneel, and who feel myself honoured by your acceptance of a trifle, as a mark of my reverence for your worth, and of my gratitude for your valuable instructions, which I can never either forget or repay."

The firmness of her resolution was afterwards very painfully tried in the unhappy difference

which occurred between her parents. She naturally espoused the cause of her mother, with whom she had spent her tenderest years, whom she could not but think innocent of the heavy charges brought against her, and to whom, therefore, she adhered with a steadiness of decision, and contempt of consequences, which bespoke the most admirable dignity of mind, and wonderfully endeared her to the people who looked forward to her as their future sovereign. In this resolute adherence to her own convictions, some persons apprehended that they could discover an obstinacy which would increase with years, and which might eventually be extremely embarrassing to the other estates of our finely poised constitution. But the Princess Charlotte was inflexible only in what she believed to be right; she understood thoroughly the extent of prerogative which the people of England had left to their sovereigns; and, with a heart burning with zeal for the prosperity and glory of Britain, there was little danger that, by ill-timed obstinacy, she would ever have impeded the counsels of her

ministers, or of parliament, when conducive to these important ends. Nor did her decision ever assume the appearance of selfishness or of pride. On the contrary, it was accompanied with a graceful humility, which, while it seemed to bring her down from the pedestal of her elevation to the level of the lowest, only threw around her an air of more winning majesty, and gave the tone of heartfelt enthusiasm to the homage which was paid no less to her virtue than to her rank. With this humility was united a generous concern for the welfare of all, however mean or obscure, who were fortunate enough to be within the sphere of her observation. An anecdote which came under our immediate knowledge is at once so romantic in itself, and so expressive of the amiable disposition of the Princess, that we should think ourselves unjustifiable in withholding it from our readers. A young woman, whose mother was in the household of her Royal Highness, was engaged as governess in a respectable family in Edinburgh. There was, at that time in the same family, as tutor, a probationer in the church of

Scotland, whose heart was soon captivated by the young lady's attractions. He was a person of worth and solid attainments; but his appearance was not prepossessing, his manners unpolished, and his prospects of a church settlement neither immediate nor certain. These circumstances induced the lady of the family to advise the governess to discourage his attachment, which as he was no dissembler, had betrayed itself by many infallible symptoms. She probably thought it prudent to comply with this advice, however repugnant to her own inclination; and, on returning some time after to London, she left her admirer without the least hope of ever seeing her again. She had not been long absent, when, to his equal surprise and joy, he received a letter from her mother, stating, that she had been informed by her daughter of his attachment, of which, as it appeared to be mutual, she entirely approved; and inviting him, if his affection remained unaltered, to repair immediately to London, where something might probably occur to his advantage. He learned, on his arrival, that

their mutual love had been made known to the Princess Charlotte, in whom it had excited the warmest interest, and at whose desire he had been invited to London. Next day he was introduced to her Royal Highness; who received him with the most condescending frankness; asked him if he had any objections to enter into the English church; and on his answering in the negative, honoured him with a recommendatory letter (we think) to the Bishop of Salisbury. Such a recommendation was not to be despised. The bishop expressed his regret, that there was then nothing within the reach of his influence, more adequate to the expectations which so distinguished patronage might well entitle him to entertain; but that a living (the emoluments of which were superior to most of the stipends in Scotland) was then vacant within the bounds of his diocese, to which, if he thought it worth his acceptance, he should have an immediate presentation. We need not say that the offer was accepted; and from the splendour in which this fortunate lover has been seen by an acquaintance

of his from Scotland, it is probable that he has since met with further preferment.

Such were the generous deeds in which our Princess delighted; and which, even from her tenderest years, gave an earnest of those virtues, which, expanding daily to the view of a delighted nation, we fondly hoped to see blooming in the full maturity of their charms around the throne of her inheritance.

The marriage of this illustrious Princess, towards whom the affections and hopes of the British people were thus powerfully attracted, and the character of the person who was to be united with the presumptive heiress to the British crown became an object of general interest and solicitude. This distinguished honour, the highest to which ambition could aspire, was destined for the young Prince of Orange, who, having been brought to Britain when an infant, might almost be considered as a native of our land. The projected union seemed to meet the wishes of the nation. In a political point of view, the arrangement ap-

peared natural, and likely to be attended with future benefit to both countries; and the character of the young prince seemed to be such, as would render him no unworthy consort of a princess so virtuous and accomplished. Very favourable accounts had been given of his progress at the University; and the feats of valour which he performed under the auspices of Wellington, were studiously brought forward by that illustrious chief, as if with a view of exciting at once the admiration of the nation, and of his intended bride. Nor was the Princess insensible to his merits. She acknowledged and admired the excellence of his character, his exalted courage, and his many amiable qualities. But he had failed to inspire her with any tenderer sentiment; and when the proposal of their alliance was made to her by her royal father, it was met by a firm and determined refusal. Her reasons for rejecting this prince, who had been taught almost from infancy to regard himself as her future husband, were such, we doubt not, as, if divulged, would have done honour to her character:....her reluc-

tance to reside in a foreign court has been assigned as one which pressed with peculiar weight on her patriotic mind.

Soon after this (in the year 1814), the allied sovereigns visited England, after having humbled the common enemy of Europe. In their train appeared the youthful Prince Leopold de Saxe Cobourg, who had distinguished himself in the war now so happily terminated. He was heir to no mighty monarchy, nor was he even connected by any near tie of kindred with any of the reigning families of Europe. But, in addition to the glory which his own prowess had acquired, he was invested with a kind of hereditary splendour, by the valour of his ancestors. His grandfather was the celebrated Prince of Cobourg, who, in the time of Joseph, had successfully commanded the Austrian armies against the Turks; and who, at a still more critical period, had supported against the French the falling fortunes of the Austrian Netherlands. In the appearance of this young prince, dignity and modesty were so happily blended, as, even at the first interview,

to prepossess his future consort in his favour; and as the impression was strengthened by his graceful manners, he was soon permitted to aspire to the honour of her alliance. The Duke of York was the first of the Royal Family who perceived their growing attachment, and he communicated it to the Prince Regent, by whom he was commissioned to make a formal proposal to Prince Cobourg himself. The prize which was thus proffered to this favoured youth was, in every respect, the most valuable which the world had to bestow. Beauty, virtue, rank, here shone with unrivalled splendour. Never will those who had the happiness to witness it, forget the impression made by this lovely Princess, when, about a year before her marriage, she was first introduced to the Queen's drawing-room. "The assemblage was unusually full, and her sudden appearance in the splendid dress of the Court, glittering with jewels, and with a diamond tiara, shaded by the Prince's plume, above a countenance of ingenuousness, animation, and dignity, attracted the universal eye and admiration. The private life

of the highest rank seldom transpires in its truth; but the comparative seclusion in which the young Princess passed those years in which the character is formed, gave unusual opportunities of ascertaining her temperament. The anecdotes of her youth all give the same impression of a judgment fond of deciding for itself....,of a temper hasty, but generous....and of a spirit peculiarly, but proudly, English. She frequently spoke of Queen Elizabeth, as a model for a British queen; and it has been remarked, that in her ample forehead, large blue eyes, and steady, stately countenance, there was a strong similitude to the portraits of Queen Elizabeth in the days of her youth and beauty."

Such was the Princess who had singled out this fortunate stranger as the object of her affections; nor could she have made a happier choice. The exalted station to which her preference raised him, he seems to have regarded as but a secondary ingredient in his happiness. He loved her for those qualities which, indeed, none could regard without admiration; and to be the chosen

consort of such loveliness was to him, we verily believe, a bliss more prized than all the splendour of royalty.

The auspicious union of this amiable pair was solemnized on the 2d of May, 1816. Court favours were, of course, crowded upon the personage, whose merit had deserved the heart of her, who was the general hope of the royal family, and of the nation at large.—He was honoured with the Order of the Garter, and with the command of a regiment of horse; he was made a General in the British army; and it was proposed to revive in his behalf the dukedom of Kendal. The motives which induced his illustrious consort and him to decline this intended honour, bespoke a degree of prudence and magnanimity, which, at their years, may be considered as altogether wonderful. They wished to be the friends of the British nation, not the adherents of a party; and therefore refused a title which, by introducing the Prince into parliament, would have involved him, however reluctantly, in the agitation of politics, and thus

have led him to give unintended offence to one or other of the parties which divide the state.

The munificence of parliament on this happy occasion may be regarded as an expression of the cordial good-will of the people to their illustrious Princess, and the husband of her choice. An annuity of fifty thousand pounds sterling was allowed for their maintenance, and sixty thousand pounds were granted for their immediate establishment. The Princess was to have ten thousand pounds a-year for her own private use; she was provided with a splendid assortment of jewels; and Claremont, the source of so many pleasures during the too fleeting term of their union, was purchased by the nation as their residence. With an ominous foresight to the event of her dissolution, the annuity of fifty thousand pounds was to be settled on the Prince, in case he should survive her.

It was now that the virtues of our lamented Princess shone forth in all their brightness. Superior to those petty splendours by which

weaker minds are at once dazzled and overpowered, she preferred a nobler seclusion, where, undisturbed by the importunate intrusions of ceremony, she might have leisure to pursue the great plans which she had formed for her own improvement and the future welfare of her people; where, her heart relieved from the chilling formalities of a court, might indulge its native charities amidst the simple inhabitants of a rural neighbourhood; and might, with still dearer transport, exult in all the fulness of domestic bliss. Indeed, if ever domestic bliss was realized on earth, it was in the peaceful tranquillity of Claremont, which has been consecrated to all future ages, by the exemplary virtues of this incomparable pair. The manner in which they passed their days in this delightful retreat, proves how truly they could estimate the real advantages of life; and presents a more instructive picture of conjugal felicity, than any that history paints, or that fancy has feigned. Their mutual love increased, as their mutual excellencies daily disclosed to each other's partial and delighted

view. Similar in all their dispositions and tastes, ...formed with hearts alike susceptible to all the charms of external nature, and to the more exquisite pleasures of active beneficence and domestic endearment, they found inexhaustible sources of enjoyment in their mutual schemes for heightening the beauties of the lovely spot which had been chosen for their residence; in diffusing around it the exquisite charm of happy countenances and of grateful hearts, and in promoting, by a series of elegant amusements and important studies, their mutual delight and improvement.

They were seldom out of each other's sight; they rode and walked together; they visited, in company, the neighbouring cottages, relieving the wants and increasing the comforts of the peasantry. They scarcely ever left Claremont, and never went to London but on public occasions, when their presence was indispensable. When at home, they were busily employed in the pursuits of superior minds. Their morning was chiefly given to exercise and occupation in the open air. After dinner, the Princess as-

sisted the Prince in studying the English language, or was, in her turn, assisted by him in taking sketches from the surrounding scenery. Music was the amusement of their evening hours; and each day opened and closed with pious adoration to Him who is the source of all blessings, and who watches, with the same gracious superintendence, over the tenant of the cottage and the monarch on the throne. Thus, in tranquil but exquisite happiness, glided away those days, which, with the vulgar herd of the great, and giddy, and profligate, were laying up indigence, misery and infamy for their future years. Aware of the temptations to which their exalted rank was exposed, this illustrious pair made it their habitual study to avoid every appearance of evil. Instead of plunging into the senseless extravagance of fashion, and wasting their means in prodigal dissipation, they adopted a plan of strict yet liberal economy, which, while it gave them the best enjoyment of their ample fortune, enabled them, at the same time, to be regular and punctual in discharging their debts. To be em-

ployed in their service was equally honourable and advantageous; while they themselves secured, by this means, the dignity of independence, the want of which obscures even the lustre of royalty. An anecdote which has appeared in most of the public prints, places in so engaging a light some of the domestic virtues of the Princess, particularly her scrupulous punctuality in all her transactions, that we need make no apology for repeating it. A lady, who had formerly held some office in the household, and had a share in the education of the Princess, called at Claremont, in order to pay her respects to her Royal Highness, whom she found at a table, covered with papers relating to household accounts, bills, and receipts. She was instantly admitted, most kindly received, and gently reproached for having deferred her visit so long. "We were speaking of you the other day," said the Princess, "and I was telling my husband how much I was indebted to your care." She then spoke of her marriage and her domestic concerns, and de-

scribed herself as the happiest woman, and Prince Leopold as one of the best men within the limits of the British empire. "By the bye," said she, "have you ever seen Cobourg?" Her visitant replied, that she had never yet had that honour; of which, however, she was extremely desirous. "Then you shall see him directly," said her Royal Highness; and going into an inner room, she requested her consort to come and receiye her friend, whom she presented as the person of whom she had often spoken to him with esteem and affection. His Serene Highness expressed himself highly pleased at the introduction, and after conversing a few minutes in the most courteous and affable manner, retired, expressing his regret that his occupations would not permit him to remain. "He is very busy," said the Princess," in his department, as I am in mine, looking over and paying our monthly accounts; but I have been more expeditious than he, and have finished my task. This is the first Monday in the month, and when you come on that day, you will al-

ways find us employed in the same manner; for we are determined to live within our income, and not to get into debt." She then arranged her papers, and attended her guest to point out the beauties of Claremont, and the improvements which they were carrying on.

With what sensibility she enjoyed this delightful spot, and how much its charms were blended with the tender endearments of conjugal love, is evinced by another very interesting anecdote, which well deserves to be recorded. About six weeks previous to her decease, she desired instructions to be sent to a German artist of great celebrity, residing in this country, to execute a snuff-box, composed of papier machée, in which her Royal Highness's portrait, a bust, should be introduced on the lid. The likeness, a copy of the famous portrait by Hayler, was selected by the Princess herself. The box has been sent to Vienna to be finished, and when it returns, the following lines will appear in the interior, written on white satin. They are a spontaneous effusion

from her own pen. The box was intended as a present to her beloved husband.

"To Claremont's terraced heights, and Esher's groves,
"Where, in the sweetest solitude embraced,
"By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
"From court and cities CHARLOTTE finds repose.
"Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
"Has of Arcadia, or Hesperia, sung;
"O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
"On which the power of cultivation lies,
"And joys to see the wonders of his toils."

Pleasures so pure and virtuous, could flow from no meaner source than religion, well understood and deeply felt. Not only were the Princess and her consort ardent themselves in their piety, and regular in their devotions, but were eager to encourage the same feelings in all within the sphere of their influence. The Princess having one day with her usual condescension, entered into conversation with one of the workmen employed at Claremont, was mortified to find his religious knowledge extremely deficient. She recommended to him the study of the Scriptures, but was told that he had no bible to read. Upon this she expressed much surprise, that any one, arrived at

the years of discretion, should be without that sacred volume, so essential to their direction in duty, to their happiness in this life, and their hopes for the next;— and retiring for a short time, returned with a Bible in her hand, which she presented to the workman, having inscribed on it these words, "The gift of the Princess Charlotte." On another occasion, when a poor old woman complained to her Royal Highness that her Bible was nearly worn out and illegible, the Princess caused her to be supplied with a new Bible, and sent along with it a pair of spectacles to enable her to read it with facility.

Thus "blessing and blessed," did this august and matchless pair devote themselves to the happiness and improvement of each other, and of all around them. A nobler spectacle the world could not exhibit, than that of two youthful, loving persons, withdrawing from the noisy vanities and bustle of fashion, and from the paltry glare of worldly pomp and grandeur, to find repose in the solitude of a rural retreat; to pour into the mutual

heart the overflowings of mutual affection; to enjoy the refined, the godlike luxury of doing good; to shine in the unfading lustre of intellectual and moral superiority; to teach those who move in the higher circles of society, that the true advantage of their situation is, not to be privileged in folly and in vice, but to be uncontrouled in the indulgence of all the noble and generous feelings of their nature;—to teach those in humbler life, that rank and grandeur, thus associated with goodness may be regarded, without envy, with affection, with reverence.....It was a spectacle which the people of Britain, from the highest to the lowest, contemplated with equal delight; which drew down the blessings of a nation on the heads of the royal pair, and united all ranks in one common prayer to the Supreme Disposer of events, that they might

" Flourish long in mutual bliss, and rear
" A numerous offspring lovely like themselves,
" And good; the grace of all the country round."

the hope and stay, the ornament and the blessing of a mighty empire.

To this consummation of their bliss, they themselves looked forward with the fondest hope; and as it seemed to approach, they pursued with increased assiduity those important studies, which were necessary to qualify them for superintending the education of the next heir apparent to the throne, and of the future royal family of Britain. But, alas! there is no security in human bliss! The hopes of this lovely pair, in which the nation so cordially sympathised, were soon to be blasted for ever, and all the delight with which we were accustomed to dwell on the virtues of our darling Princess, to be converted into unutterable anguish! A male child was born.....but there was no rejoicing.....the royal infant, the object of so much tender solicitude, perished without ever seeing the light, and the afflicted, but pious mother, only survived to breathe an ejaculation of humble acquiescence in the sovereign will of Heaven.

It was early on the morning of the 4th of November, that the Princess first began to feel symp-

toms of that approaching illness, which she expected to terminate in the fulfilment of her dearest anticipations. Her physician, Sir Richard Croft, who had been three weeks in attendance, immediately despatched messengers to apprize Dr. Baillie, as well as the different officers of state, whose duty it is to be present on such occasions. As her Royal Highness continued ill during the whole of Tuesday, it was judged expedient to desire the attendance of Dr. Sims, who arrived at three o'clock on Wednesday morning. She endured her protracted sufferings with a patience and firmness that commanded the admiration of all who were near her; and particularly affected her husband, who waited for the event with the utmost tenderness and solicitude. The Prince repeatedly observed to the medical attendants, that "the unrepining, patient endurance of the Princess, while it gave him comfort, communicated also a deep affliction at her sufferings being so lengthened." Yet her constitution appeared so vigorous, that, though necessarily much ex-

hausted, she was not yet apprehended to be in any immediate danger. It was not till nine o'clock on Wednesday evening that she was delivered of a still-born son. Afflicting as this event was to the anxious father, he was so deeply interested in the welfare of his suffering consort, that, in a burst of mingled gratitude and resignation he exclaimed, fervently, "Thank God! Thank God! the Princess is safe." And would to Heaven that her safety had been confirmed!.....In the state of debility to which her tedious illness had reduced her, it appeared necessary that her strength should be recruited by rest and sleep. To this she appeared happily inclined. The Ministers of State returned to town.....the Prince was persuaded to withdraw for repose to an adjoining apartment; and the physicians, having previously announced in a bulletin that her Royal Highness was still doing as well as could be expected, thought themselves warranted in retiring, leaving only the nurse in immediate attendance. Soon after midnight, while her Royal

Highness was taking some gruel, she complained of difficulty in swallowing, pain in her stomach, and a chilly tremor....the too certain forerunners of convulsions. On perceiving these alarming symptoms, the nurse immediately recalled the medical attendants; and Prince Leopold himself, on hearing of this unfavourable change, instantly hastened to the apartment of his beloved Princess. About one o'clock she was seized with violent spasms. The Prince, though in a state of agonizing anxiety, endeavoured to assume the appearance of composure; and her Royal Highness whose heart, (so soon, alas! to be cold for ever) even in that hour of anguish burned with the warmest affection for her consort, kept her eyes fixed upon him, and frequently extended her hand to meet the embrace of his. The alarm which she saw expressed in the countenances of all around her, induced her to ask her physicians if there was any danger. They requested her to compose herself to rest; and, in a few minutes after, she breathed a gentle sigh, and expired.

Those only who have witnessed such distressing scenes, can form any idea of the anguish which now wrung every heart in that so lately happy abode. The Prince was so overpowered by his feelings, that he sunk into a kind of stupor bordering on insensibility; and when he was awakened to the sad reality of his wretchedness, his grief vented itself in a manner that suggested alarm for his safety.....a sorrow refusing to be comforted.

Scarcely less overpowering was the affliction which the news of this lamentable event spread throughout the empire*. Eager preparations had

* The following extract strongly evinces with what deep and general emotion the news of this afflicting dispensation was received in Edinburgh.....

"The most melancholy tidings announced in these few words, *Death of the Princess Charlotte and her Infant Son*, have come upon us so suddenly and so unlooked for, that, while we feel with our fellow-citizens the extent of the public loss, we are as yet unable to estimate the probable consequences or remote results of this great national calamity. The shock which this afflicting event has given to the feelings of the nation, was very strongly evinced when the news reached this

been made for the joyful annunciation of a very different result. The affectionate interest of the nation in the expected offspring, which was to bless the heart of our beloved princess, to be reared under her gentle and able superintendence, and perhaps to inherit her virtues and her patriotism, became the more ardent and anxious as the completion of these hopes seemed to be drawing near; and every heart was ready to hail

City on the morning of Sunday last; many persons who had crowded to the Post-office burst into tears when the death of the Princess was announced, and an air of more sad and impressive seriousness appeared in the countenances of the crowds who thronged our streets and places of public worship, to attend, as is usual, at this season, the great solemnity of the Christian Church. This expression of public sympathy (unlike the usual mourning for Princes) is, on the present occasion, not less genuine than it is general. The amiable virtues of this young Princess, the bright promise of her early life, her connubial happiness, the edifying picture of domestic economy, and of exemplary benevolence which she held out, her well known constitutional principles, as well as the high political considerations dependent on her life, all combined to render the event of her death a calamity that must involve the empire in universal gloom."—*The Edinburgh Star.*

with an acclamation of welcome, the royal babe, which was to continue the line of our monarchs and to be born in circumstances so rarely auspicious. When, by one sudden stroke of fate, these cherished hopes were dashed to the ground; when the mother and her child were stretched together on the bed of death.....the calamity came upon all like a family bereavement, and the grief and lamentation were deep and universal, as when all the parents of Egypt bewailed their first-born. Among the numerous effusions of national sorrow, which issued from the press on this disastrous occasion, the following is written in a strain of such pathetic eloquence, and accords so truly with the tone of public feeling, that we should wish to see it embodied in some more durable memorial than the ephemeral pages of a newspaper.....

"A few days ago, if there was one woman, not in England only, but on the face of the earth itself, so happily circumstanced, that a majority of those who delight in the glories, and riches, and

pleasures of this world, might be tempted to think they would gladly change places and persons with her, it was the Princess Charlotte of Wales: and when we say it *was*, the word looks so strange, that we can scarcely yet believe that it *is* so. There are truths, awful and sudden, which come upon us like those wounds in battle that sever a limb in a moment, with a stroke so exquisite that the nerves still quiver with a natural sympathy, and the loss for a while is only to the *eye* of the sufferer, but the anguish and bereavement are more excruciating when they come in all their poignancy of reality: we say there are truths resembling those wounds, so awful and so sudden, that our understanding, like the eye, is convinced of the fact, while the heart is incredulous, and the feelings are benumbed into comparative insensibility. Such was the electrifying intelligence of the assassination of Mr. Percival.....and such is the yet disheartening intelligence of the demise of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.....in either case the sufferer seemed rather to have

disappeared, than to have gone the way of all flesh; they were, and they were not, so instantaneously, that they seemed both to be and not to be at once; the moment of expiration, that moment which commences in time and issues in eternity, seemed prolonged to survivors, after death had grown cold in the veins of the departed.....

"Even in their ashes live their wonted fires."

"The Princess, it will be remembered, was born in the highest place of polished society; she had arrived at the gayest period of human life; she was heiress to the most illustrious throne of Europe....beautiful and affectionate, accomplished and intelligent; esteemed, admired, courted, and revered by her family, her associates, her dependents, and her future subjects; above all, loving and beloved (a bliss so rare in palaces), the spouse of the man whom she had chosen for herself, and about to become the mother of a line of princes, who might reign for ages over the greatest, freest, happiest people in the world.

This and more, yea all that youth, and health, and love, and rank, and power could make her, she was but a week ago, in the sight of those who looked upon her from below. What is she now? In the brief phrase of the Poet of Laura, she is "*nudo spirito e poco polve*,"....." pure spirit and a little dust.

" We are touched with the death of our fellow-creatures precisely in proportion as we are related to them, by consanguinity, attachment, neighbourhood, dependence, or obligation. To the Royal Family, therefore, of the realm, all other families of the same, from the loftiest to the lowliest, being affianced by the bonds of allegiance, whenever a member of the former, in the course of nature, is cut off, all the members of the latter are more or less affected by the removal.....not with the grief of kindred, or the sympathy of friendship, perhaps not even with the patriotic pang of loyalty, but yet with a congenial sorrow allied to selfishness, because all are made to feel their personal mortality by the repercussion of a

blow at so noble a part of the body politic, that the meanest is sensible of the shock. The Princess, whom we commemorate and deplore, was a personage so interesting, from sex, from age, and circumstances peculiar to herself, that on not one of the Royal House could the hand of death have fallen with a force that would have been more appalling, or inflicted a wound that would have seemed more impossible to be healed; for the unborn of a nation's hopes, which were expected to proceed from her, can be no more called into existence, than the dead can be summoned back from their graves to re-occupy the throne, which they had left in succession for her and her posterity.

Foreign nations sympathised with us in this heavy calamity, and from distant lands the praises of those virtues so hallowed to our remembrance, vibrated in our ears. "What Frenchman," says the Moniteur, "can learn, without profound emotion, that during the exile of our royal family, the Princess Charlotte participated

in their sorrows, and that when providence restored to us this august family, she rejoiced in their prosperity, and expressed it in a manner, which proved how much her attachment to them was noble and sincere. It was she who sent to a princess so dear to all France, whose virtues and rare qualities she acknowledged, and whom in beneficence and nobleness of character she particularly resembled, a bunch of lilies as a presage of the restoration of our beloved monarch to the throne; as a token of the wish which she formed with all Frenchmen for that event, and to which Heaven has, at length, happily for our prosperity and the repose of the world, deigned to lend a favourable ear."

From the profound sorrow with which we brooded over this severe deprivation, we were first recalled by our interest in the widowed Prince, whose still severer loss, contrasted with his brilliant prospects and his distinguished worth, excited in all a feeling of deep commiseration. Every circumstance that transpired of

the conduct of his Serene Highness on this trying occasion, served to endear him more and more to the people of Britain. For some days after the mournful catastrophe, which deprived him of the best of consorts, he continued absorbed in the most agonizing and inconsolable grief. To be within a few short days the husband and the expectant father of the future sovereigns of this great empire, and then widowed and childless, a solitary stranger in a foreign land, was indeed a reverse almost too dreadful for human fortitude to bear. But a deeper and a tenderer sorrow preyed upon his soul. It was the severing of those softer ties, which knit his heart with that "of the blessed angel whom he had lost forever," that made it bleed in the severest anguish: It was on the many mutual endearments that had rendered the period of their union a period of unmingled delight, that his reflections dwelt with tenacious sadness. This was the remembrance, which, swelling at his heart, turned all the past to pain; and it was not till this overwhelming

flood of grief began to subside, that he had leisure to bestow a thought on the frustration of hopes so flattering to his ambition. Every thing connected with her, whom his soul loved with so devoted attachment, was now endeared to him by fond recollection. For some time the bonnet and cloak which she wore in their last pedestrian excursion were kept constantly before his eyes. The Princess herself had hung them upon a screen in the sitting parlour, and his Serene Highness would neither allow them to be removed, nor to be touched by any person whatever.....As if the pure departed spirit still hovered o'er him, prompting him as before to deeds of kindness, the first act of the Prince, when he began to respire from the paroxysm of his grief, was to order a sum of money to be distributed among the workmen employed in the improvements at Claremont, which were now so unhappily interrupted. During all the dismal interval between the death and funeral of the Princess, he was sunk in the deepest despair; and wearisome days and sleepless nights

had so exhausted him in mind and body, that serious apprehensions were entertained, lest not only his health, but even his reason should be affected.

On the royal father, whose hopes of a long line of posterity hung on this only darling child, this unexpected calamity fell with a violence nearly fatal. When the melancholy tidings were announced to him, his whole frame was so agitated by the stroke, that it became necessary to have recourse to medical aid....but of his mental sufferings there was as yet no alleviation. The other members of the royal family were proportionally affected by this severe affliction.

The preparations for the funeral obsequies were conducted with a magnificence suitable to the rank of the deceased. The bodies of the Princess and her royal infant were embalmed, and being deposited in superb coffins, lay in state at Claremont till the 18th of November, when they were conveyed in melancholy procession to Windsor. On the evening of Wednesday the

19th the bodies were consigned to their kindred dust. As an account of the solemn ceremonial of the funeral may be interesting to our young readers, we shall therefore, for their gratification, transcribe it from the public journals.

"The Princess lay in state from the time of the arrival of the body at the Lower Lodge, Windsor till late in the afternoon of Wednesday. To the apartment in which the coffin was placed no person could be admitted without a ticket; and though it was intended that most of the respectable inhabitants of Windsor should have an opportunity of witnessing this last sad display of royal grandeur, the numerous applications preferred made it impossible to comply with the solicitations of many, who were desirous of gazing on this interesting spectacle. During the whole of the night Prince Leopold sat up with the remains of his beloved consort, and refused all refreshment but a little water sweetened with sugar.

The room in which the body lay in state was not large; it was completely covered with black

cloth, and the approach to it was through an apartment not less completely hung with sable. The coffin was covered with a splendid pall, superbly decorated with all the pomp of heraldry. At the head, the escutcheon of the deceased appeared, and three immense candlesticks, with lighted candles of corresponding magnitude, were placed on each side of the body: many smaller candles were kept burning throughout the day; which, with the larger lights, were elevated on platforms raised for the purpose. The crowd that pressed in to view this scene was great beyond conception; but the sincere respect universally cherished for the deceased, taught all who approached the departed Princess a proper regard for decorum, but no disorder whatever occurred.

Windsor continued crowded to excess throughout the day, and every avenue which offered the remotest chance of a view of any part of the preparations for the solemnity of the evening, was resorted to with incredible eagerness. At dusk

it was thought necessary to clear the Castle Yard, and none were afterwards admitted without pass tickets. The first, second, and third regiments of guards, took a principal part of the duty; and when they were marching into the Castle Yard, such was the anxiety of the public to witness the rites which remained to be performed, that it was with the greatest difficulty they were restrained, even for a moment, and the ranks of the military were repeatedly broken by the efforts made to pass the outer gate. At the door of St. George's Chapel, the crowd assembled was hardly less impatient.

By half-past eight all was ready, and the funeral cavalcade was put in motion. Proceeding at a half foot pace, it was nine o'clock when it reached St. George's Chapel, in the following order.....

Servants and Grooms of her late Royal Highness and of his Serene Highness, on foot, in deep mourning.
Servants and Grooms of the Royal Family, the Prince Regent, and their Majesties, on foot, in full State Liveries, with crape hat-bands and white gloves, four and four, bearing flambeaux.
The full Band of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue.

THE HEARSE,

Drawn by Eight of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's Black Horses, fully caparisoned, each Horse attended by a Groom in full State Livery.

His Majesty's Body Carriage,

(drawn by a full set of his Majesty's Horses, each Horse attended by a Groom in full State Livery) conveying

His Serene Highness Prince Leopold,

Chief Mourner,

and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Clarence, supporters to the Chief Mourner.

The Carriages of the Prince Regent, the Royal Family, and the Prince Leopold, each drawn by six horses, closed the Procession.

The whole procession, from the Lower Lodge to St. George's Chapel, was flanked by the military, every fourth man bearing a flambeau.

Upon arrival at St. George's Chapel, the Servants, Grooms, and Band, filed off without the south door.

At the entrance, the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body; and the procession (having previously been formed, and being flanked by the military, every fourth man bearing a flambeau) moved down the south aisle, and up the nave, to the choir, in the following order :....

Four Knights of Windsor.
Pages of the Prince Leopold.
Pages of the Royal Family.
Pages of the Prince Regent.
Pages of their Majesties.
Solicitor to her late Royal Highness.
Comptroller of the Household of her late Royal Highness.
Apothecaries of her late Royal Highness.
Surgeons of her late Royal Highness.
The Curates and Rectors of the parishes of Esher and Windsor.
Physicians who attended her late Royal Highness.
Chaplains of his Serene Highness.
Equerry to her late Royal Highness.
Equerries of the Royal Family.
Equerries of the Prince Regent.
Quarter-Master-General.
Adjutant-General.
Officers of the Duchy of Cornwall.
Chamberlain to the Great Stewart of Scotland.
Groom of the Bed-Chamber to the Prince Regent.
Pursuivant at Arms.
Comptroller of the Prince Regent's Household.
Treasurer of the Prince Regent's Household.
Master of the Prince Regent's Household.
Heralds at arms.
Privy Purse and Private Secretary to the Prince Regent.
Lords of the Prince Regent's Bed Chamber.
Norroy King at Arms.
The Bishop of Exeter.
The Bishop of Salisbury.
The Bishop of London.
The Ministers of Hanover and Saxony.
Count Munster and Baron de Just.
The Deputy Earl Marshal.
His Majesty's Ministers.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
Choir of Windsor.
Prebendaries of Windsor.
Dean of Windsor.

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.
The Groom of the Stole.
The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household.
The King's Master of the Horse.
Clarenceur King of Arms.

Gentleman Usher — The Coronet of her late Royal Highness borne upon a Black Velvet Cushion by Colonel Aldenbrooke. — Gentleman Usher.

Gentleman Usher. — Garter Principal King of Arms, bearing his Sceptre. — Gentleman Usher.

Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain. — The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household. — The Vice Chamberlain.

Supporters of the Pall, Two Baronesses. — **THE BODY,** Covered with a black velvet Pall, adorned with 8 Escutcheons of her late Royal Highness's Arms, the Coffin, carried by 8 Yeomen of the Guard under a Canopy of black velvet, borne by eight Gentlemen Ushers. — Supporters of the Pall, Two Baronesses.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in a long Black Cloak, his Train borne by two Gentlemen of his Royal Highness's Household. — The Chief Mourner, his Serene Highness PRINCE LEOPOLD in a long Black Cloak, his Train borne by Bar. de Hardenbrock and Sir Robert Gardiner. — His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in a long Black Cloak, his Train borne by two Gentlemen of his Royal Highness's Household.

THE PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL,

in long Black Cloaks, the Train of each borne by two Gentlemen of the respective Households of their Royal Highnesses.

Ladies of the Bed Chamber to her late Royal Highness.
Women of the Bed Chamber to her late Royal Highness.
His Majesty's Establishment at Windsor, viz.
Groom of the Stole.
Master of the Robes. Vice Chamberlain.
Lords of the Bed Chamber.
Grooms of the Bed Chamber.
Clerk Marshal.
Equerries.
Master of the Household.
Her Majesty's Establishment at Windsor, viz.
Master of the Horse.
Vice Chamberlain.
Secretary and Comptroller of the Household. Treasurer of the Household.
Equerries and Gentlemen Ushers.
Ladies of her Majesty's Bed Chamber.
Women of her Majesty's Bed Chamber.
Ladies attendants on their Royal Highnesses the Princesses.
Attendants on her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.
Attendants on her Majesty and the Princesses.

Upon their arrival at St. George's Chapel, the more distinguished members of the procession were thus distributed in distinct stalls :....

On the left side of the Altar.	*On the right side of the Altar.*
Earl Bathurst, K. G.	Viscount Castlereagh, K. G.
Rt. Hon. George Canning.	Count Munster.
Earl of Liverpool, K. G.	Baron de Just.
Lord Vernon.	Lord Grenville.
A Lord of the Prince Regent's Bedchamber.	Lord Ellenborough.
A Lord of the Prince Regent's Bed Chamber.	Viscount Keith.
Duke of Montrose, K. G.	Lord Arden.

A Lord of the Prince Regent's Bed Chamber.	Lord St. Helens.
A Lord of the Prince Regent's Bed Chamber.	Lord Rivers.
Rt. Hon. C Bragge Bathurst.	Lord Somerville.
Rt. Hon. W. Wellesley Pole.	Rt. Hon. Sir B. Bloomfield.
Earl of Yarmouth.	Lord Henry Howard.
Earl of Winchelsea, K. G.	Earl of Chichester.
Rt. Hon. N. Vansittart.	Canon.
Marquis of Winchester.	Marquis Cornwallis.
A Canon.	Canon.
A Canon.	Earl of Westmoreland, K. G.
Marq. of Salisbury, K. G.	Canon.
Marq. of Cholmondely, K. G.	Bishop of Exeter.
A Canon.	Canon.
Viscount Melville.	Duke of Gloucester.
Earl Mulgrave.	Bishop of London.

Lord Chancellor.	Duke of Cumberland.	Canon.	Arch. of Canterbury.	Earl of Harrowby.	Duke of Sussex.

The procession was conducted with the utmost solemnity. and when it arrived in the choir, there was the deepest interest, which was signified by a solemn and mournful silence. The choristers, as soon as they made their appearance in the chapel, began to chaunt the solemn service of.....

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see my God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another†."

The canopy followed the choristers, and moved

† *Job* XIX. 25, 26, 27.

at a very slow pace; it appeared to be of immense length, and being borne high in the air, had a most imposing effect; under this was the coffin, carried by eight of the Yeomanry of the Guard. Prince Leopold followed the coffin as chief mourner; his appearance created the deepest interest; his countenance was dejected; his manner was full of deep despondency; and though he made evident efforts to preserve calmness and fortitude, yet he now and then burst into a flood of tears. He walked along with unsteady steps, and took the seat provided for him at the head of the coffin, between the Dukes of York and Clarence.

"During the whole of the funeral service Prince Leopold preserved one fixed but downcast look towards the coffin of his beloved wife....he never once raised his eyes to the congregation.....he was totally absorbed in his grief. The Royal Dukes, who sat or stood beside him, watched him with much solicitude, as if they were afraid he would sink under his affliction. His distress,

however, was tolerably subdued till the moment the coffin was gradually lowered into the grave..... at this awful crisis, when his deeply-regretted consort was to be separated from him for ever, he was alarmingly moved."

The feelings which at that mournful hour thrilled through every heart in the nation, are well expressed in the following verses, which we extract from a respectable Provincial Journal †:....

"Down, down it sinks, into that lonesome vault!
That common bed of kings....the mouldering clay:
Oh! yet awhile, let the dear coffin halt,
For him one gaze, who weeps his soul away!

Pale as the form of death, all blanched with woe,
Of all he lov'd he takes the last sad view....
Just are those tears which with a nation's flow,
To youth, to virtue, love, and CHARLOTTE due.

Well may'st thou weep, O Prince!.....that form of grace
Fled, as some radiant angel, in the night;
Thine the last smile that brightened on her face,
Her life thy glory, and her love thy light.

Most gentle Princess! fair, and good, and sweet,
Cold, cold thou sleep'st within thy narrow cave,
Thy royal robes are now a winding sheet,
Thy bed of state....a coffin and a grave!

† Dumfries and Galloway Courier.

Closed are those mild blue eyes, and mute those lips,
Whence love and pity flow'd in accents bland.....
Of that bright star how dismal the eclipse!
The wail of grief is heard through all the land.

The mother and the child, the bud and flower,
Both, both were blighted, by one cruel stroke;
The lightning burst ere clouds began to lower,
And Britain felt, through all her isles, the shock.

Or, 'Claremont's terrac'd height, or Esher's grove,'
No more shall see thee, with thy chosen, stray,
Around thee shedding light, and joy, and love!
To wipe each tear of misery away.

And you, ye royal train! that circling stand
In sable garb, and muse o'er all her worth,
Who see the hope and glory of the land,
The heir of empires buried in the earth!

So shall it be with you, for it must come
To this, alas! when life's short dream is o'er;
Oh! may such tears as these bedew your tomb,
Best proof of all the virtues they deplore.

Yet Charlotte lives....lives in a nation's love,
The model of the young, the great, the wise,
Lives....for a throne is set for her above,
And angels hail a sister to the skies."

"Let us not pass by this last ceremony to the departed.....without an undisturbed contemplation of it. The pomp is by no means the most striking part of it; and yet the pomp itself is

touching. It seems to put on its grandeur and gorgeousness only to confess that they are nothing. The tolling bell, the concourse, the marshalled procession, the sweeping black, the coloured escutcheons, the stepping, the solemn riding, the grave looks of young and old, the noble horses, the lifted coronet, the sound of nothing but feet, the coffin.....what are they, but so much life and strength voluntarily subjecting themselves to the inevitable idea of death? So much passing dignity, saying, "What are we? .....so much youth, saying, "On what can we reckon?".....so much old age, saying, "The grave!".....so much present sensation, saying, "The future!".....so much will, motion, and visible thought, saying, with eyes towards the ground, "Behold, what comes after us!"

"Then the night time, the wasting torchlight, the ever-living moon, the entrance into the Gothic and stony places, the sharper sound of the feet on the pavement, the dusk through the lighted chapel, the deeper silence, the gush of tears at the rising voices of the choristers, the canopy

coming after it, the sudden sound of the breathful and rolling organ, the silence again, the solitary voice of the priest, the letting down of the coffin; all these are still more shaking to the heart. We never read of any piece of funeral pomp more touching than the single circumstance of the herald's faultering, and at last inaudible, voice, when he proclaimed:

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God, to take out of this transitory life, unto his Divine Mercy, the late Most Illustrious Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, Regent of this United Kingdom, consort of his Serene Highness Leopold George Frederic, Duke of Saxe, Margrave of Meissen, Landgrave of Thuringuen, Prince of Cobourg of Saalfield, and grand-daughter of his Most Excellent Majesty George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, whom God bless and preserve with long life, health and honour, and all worldly happiness."

"In delivering this, Sir Isaac Heard was deeply affected. His voice faultered, and he wept; and at that moment there was not perhaps a dry eye in the chapel.

"The mourners walked back, though without the state accompaniments. The Prince Leopold

appeared distressingly ill; and indeed his state of health and feeling might excite alarm, if it were not that he has latterly been able to procure some sleep.

"The Royal Dukes conducted themselves with becoming seriousness; but as might be expected, were less abandoned to their sorrow than the illustrious and disconsolate widower."

But Windsor was not the only scene of mourning on this melancholy occasion. A deep funereal gloom overspread the empire; and never was there a sorrow so general and sincere. In the metropolis, and in all the cities of the kingdom, there was a complete cessation of all temporal business.....a Sabbath stillness prevailed in the streets.....no bustle was seen, but that of crowds, in the sable garb of mourning, repairing in silent dejection to the places of worship. These churches were opened in obedience to no summons from supreme authority.....to no suggestion of pastoral influence.....but in compliance with the general wish of an afflicted population, who voluntari-

ly prostrated themselves, in the humility of resignation, before the throne of mercy, to implore the healing grace of Him, who, even in his judgments, is the God of all consolation. So sublime and affecting a demonstration of national feeling was never, perhaps, exhibited before....it was a tribute of respect as rare as the magnitude of the affliction .....as the virtues of the beloved Princess to whom it was paid†.

† The day appointed for the funeral of the Princess and her child was observed in Edinburgh with a suitable solemnity. All public business was suspended, and the shops and warehouses shut after one o'clock. The churches, chapels, and dissenting meeting-houses were opened for public worship, generally hung with black, and crowded with the inhabitants attired in mourning. The Lord Provost and Magistrates; the Lords of Session; the Commander of the forces and his Staff, &c. attended divine service in the High Church, where a very excellent and appropriate discourse was delivered; and funeral sermons were also generally preached in the other places of worship in the City and in Leith. The vessels, in Leith Harbour and the Roads, had their flags half-mast high; and the flags on the Castle and Nelson's Monument were displayed in the same manner. The bells in the different steeples were tolled at intervals, from one to eight o'clock; and a very so-

corner of the empire for her safety, were breathed in vain. And in the moment of our tenderest solicitude, in the moment of our fond, yet trembling hope, the illustrious object of all that hope and anxiety, was torn for ever from the bosom of domestic affection, and from the expectations of a people by whom she was alike admired and loved. The tomb now contains all that was mortal of her, who was so recently the delight of every eye.....the blessed of every heart; and in that tomb have been buried the pleasing anticipations, in which every inhabitant of these wide dominions, from the ruler to the meanest subject, delighted to indulge. Like a fair and blissful vision, she illuminated our horizon with a transient gleam of glory and of gladness, and then suddenly vanished to leave us in more dark and dreary despondence.

We forbear to enter into any speculation concerning the political consequences of this melancholy event. We confide in HIM who woundeth and who healeth, and who can make light to arise even out of the darkest of his dispensations; we

trust that, as, by this awful visitation, he has sunk in the dust the nation's hopes, he will yet, in his mercy, dispel the nation's fears. Yet we may be allowed to heave a sigh of bitter regret o'er the moral blessings which we have lost by this irreparable bereavement. We may be allowed to mourn the loss of that pure example, which, beaming in unsullied splendour from the throne, would have diffused the light of virtue among all ranks of society, and to the remotest corners of our extensive empire. Where shall we now look for so fair and edifying a pattern of all the great and magnanimous qualities which give to exalted rank its genuine lustre; of that public spirit and devoted patriotism, which merging every sordid and selfish consideration in concern for the general good, establishes the happiness and security of a nation on the broad and firm basis of sentiment; of all the delight and the loveliness of public benevolence, and of domestic affection: that sacred affection, in which all the generous feelings of our nature concentrate, and

from which they radiate again in their greatest heat and brightness; in a word, of all those Christian graces† and hopes, which give order

† In no respect was the example of this lamented Princess more salutary, than in her regular and devout attention to the ordinances of religion. When she took up her residence at Claremont, she determined to attend Divine Worship every Sabbath in the village church....and so much was her heart interested in the devotional feelings of the humble villagers, with whom she joined in this solemn service, that she introduced a Book of Psalms and Hymns for their use. The following Hymn, taken from a copy of the Collection which belonged to her Royal Highness, was marked with her pen under the last line of the first verse, being expressive, we presume, of her own pious sentiments.

Holy Ghost inspire our praises,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love!
While we chaunt the name of Jesus,
Deign on ev'ry heart to move!

Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless, this congregation,
Bid our hearts thine influence know.

Hail, ye spirits, bright and glorious,
High exalted round the throne;
Now with you we join in chorus,
And your Lord we call our own.

and consistency to the conduct of life, which heighten to rapture our terrestrial enjoyments, and which draw from the regions of immortality a dawning ray of celestial bliss, to cheer and to gladden us in this distant land of suffering and trial?

Yes! to be thus suddenly deprived of so illustrious an example, when it had just opened upon us in all its beauty and usefulness, is an evil which we cannot cease to mourn. Yet even from the hallowed tomb of our lamented Princess, there breathes a still small voice of peace and consolation. It whispers to us, that we ought not to sorrow, as those who have no hope; that blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; and that she

> God to us his Son has given;
> Saints, your noblest anthem raise;
> All on earth, and all in heaven,
> Shout the Great Jehovah's praise.

On the Sabbath previous to her decease, her Royal Highness partook, with most earnest devotion, of the Holy Sacrament....not, perhaps, without a kind of presentiment, how soon she might pass from this communion with God on earth, to a nearer and more blissful communion with him in h

whose mortal remains are there enshrined, has passed, through a short term of suffering, from the highest temporal felicity to the pure and exalted bliss of those eternal abodes, where sorrow and sighing are unknown. It whispers to us, in solemn and impressive accents, that man in his best state is altogether vanity; that all that riches, grandeur and youth can bestow, is transient and precarious, and that our only security, and our only wisdom, is to use this world as not abusing it,..... to elevate our affections above all the objects of present enjoyment, and to set them on those joys, which, though now unknown, are eternal. It whispers to us, as it were a soft, an earnest entreaty, to remember and to imitate the virtues which we now deplore;—it sooths us with the assurance that we may thus realize to ourselves all the advantages which we so confidently anticipated under her reign, and escape the evils which we dread from her decease. It reminds us that a nation can be exalted by that righteousness alone which *She* delighted to cultivate and promote; and that the sins, which *She* so studiously shun-

ned, and so decidedly disapproved, will ever be the disgrace, and ultimately the ruin, of any people.

LETTER

Addressed by her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, to her mother the Princess of Wales, in Oct. 1817.

MY DEAREST MOTHER.....

A FEW days will elapse before I may claim to be addressed by the endearing appellation with which I have commenced this Letter, when Providence may develop to me new duties, which may in some measure temper, but can never supersede those moral and pious obligations which have been heretofore imposed on me. Were I to disguise my true sentiments, or to affect feelings other than those which occupy my bosom, in the prospect of becoming a mother, I should feel myself unworthy of that parental affection which constitutes at least the second bliss of life.

United to a man, whose whole attentions are directed to the promotion of my happiness, I cannot but feel a pleasure in the anticipation of that hour of perilous hope, which shall enable me to present to him a new tie to conubial love, and to the nation a new and abundant source of future promise and consolation. Political considerations, in this instance, stand in competition with the more near and natural feelings of the heart. While as a wife, I am alive to all those anxious susceptibilities which accompany my peculiar situation, I am compelled by circumstances to extend my views to contemplations widely different in their kind, as in their latitude; contemplations involving the dearest and most durable interests of a people to whom I owe a debt scarcely to be liquidated—Gratitude for unbounded affection.

To relieve in some degree this weight of obligation, and to justify the universal confidence in the strength and consistency of my character, I have determined, should it please Providence to bless me with offspring, so to regulate its early reason, and to direct its infant energies, that the lessons I have received from you, and the wisdom of which time and observation have confirmed, may be handed down to my child, with a view to the perpetuation of the great principle, that the legitimate end of all government is the welfare of society, and that political and private virtue is the surest foundation, and the best bulwark of a throne.

But, Oh! my mother, when my timid imagination revolves upon the uncertainty which veils futurity; when I look to the dark possibilities which may put a period to the dreams of hope....even shadows shake my courage, and I feel myself the victim of terrors, which reason would almost denominate absurd. At such a trying moment, why am I debarred from the consoling voice of maternal affection? Why is not my mother allowed to pour cheerfulness into the sinking soul of her inexperienced and trembling child? I have no friend, no relation near me, whose voice may guide, or whose monition check my conduct. Surrounded by strangers, with a single exception, my heart feels itself alone, and should the protection of Heaven for a moment leave me, and I fall, the presence of a mother would assuredly impart a serenity and a resignation to my mind, which would smooth the pillow for my dying head, and prevent my distracted soul from erring in the hour of her sternest trial.

Secluded from this giddy world, I have learned to set a true value on that retirement, which has taught me a more perfect knowledge, not only of myself, but of the society over which I may one day be called to rule.... Folly and pride no longer wear to me the imposing blazonry, which they exhibited to my early years, I have read, reflected, and conversed; and I trust the evidence of a future day will rescue me from the imputation of having read, reflected and conversed in vain.

The sufferings of my early years, acute as they were in their operation, have not been unproductive of instruction. Their effect has been, to correct that sanguiness of disposition which was too commonly a source of severe disappointment, and which uniformly led me to view things through the prejudiced medium. A sort of premature experience has given me that insight into human life and human character, which, in ordinary cases and circumstances, is the result of the study and observation of years.

Your virtues, my dearest mother, and your afflictions added strength to the affection which nature has entwined about my heart, and urged me to cling to you in all changes and under all shades of persecution, with a constancy which those who hated you termed obstinacy, but which those who loved you elevated by the name of honourable perseverance. I felt that I was not merely acquiescing in the first of my moral duties.

In proportion, however, as I love you, do I now feel the bitterness of your absence. You have no substitute in this heart. There is none to occupy your place to my seeking eye; even the affectionate attentions of an amiable consort are insufficient to supply the chasm in my bosom, but leave me unsatisfied. I have illustrious relatives, it is true; but they offer me no kindness.... and if they did, there are certain slumbering recollections which would awake in my brain and check my ardour to receive them. I have but one mother, and no variations of place or circumstances can remove her from my sight. Heaven impressed her image on my soul, and time has established it there as its native and legitimate sphere.

By a refinement of cruelty, indeed, we may be separated on earth, and I as well as yourself may be doomed the victim of an unjust and malignant spirit of persecution; but in a better world, our congenial spirits would rush to meet each other, where no envious nor hating friends can interfere to impede the pleasures which flow from the foundation of filial and maternal love.

Such sentiments as these naturally arise out of the contemplations of my situation at this moment. Should it be the pleasure of Providence that I survive the hour of approaching danger, I may at some future period be endued with power to restore you to that situation which you were formed to embellish, but in which the jealousness of inferior minds would not suffer you to remain. But if an all-wise decree should summon me from this sphere of anxious apprehension, not for myself, but for my mother, a pang of terror shoots across my wildered brain—even, then, however, my last prayer would be to heaven to gift you with that sublime feeling of pious resignation, which would teach you to bow submissive to the chastening stroke of our common Father and to console your afflicted heart with the anticipation of our re-union in a world where felicity is unimpaired, and to which malice is inadmissable.

Believe me, my adored mother, I fear less to die than to live; the prospect of protracted existence is so blended with dangers and difficulties, so shadowed with clouds and uncertainties, so replete with anxieties and apprehensions, that I must shrink from the contemplation of it, and fly for refuge even to the probability of my removal from so joyless an inheritance. The page of history has determined, that happiness is not the possession of those who move in the lofty circles to which my birth entitles me to look. I cannot hope for an exception in my favor. All the joys of life are centered in my present retirement; and they are ever poor because you are not a participator in them. But even this unqualified enjoyment must be brief; and I must emerge into a situation uncongenial to my soul, and destructive to all my hopes of felicity on earth. What cause have I then to shun that issue, which others may behold with horror? What cause have I to covet that existence, which others so highly prize? Death would obliterate no image of delight from my heart, save that which is in the portrait of a beloved mother, nature has still left to the hoping, doubting, yet fearing

CHARLOTTE.

C———, Oct. 10, 1817.